

FEBRUARY, 1955

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**Youth Tablets and Truth
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If you think this page this month is going to be about the United Lumbermen local activity in Marquette, The United City in the UPWU, then you are entitled to wonder how I can think in Marquette, we devoted this space to a sub-thing called her place on Geomorphology, town which are great the heritage that living in the village is the perfect experience of wilderness, great life. In, after searching her pictures, I've found that our village, Geomorphology, we found the United is really that we make up living in the Village. This page means to show us on much more than it does just

[illegible][illegible]

The *New York Times* Lamented The March is a terrible story, and we use the story not loosely, in its present collapsed and convulsing sense, whereby almost two thirds of all men, everything terrible, but in the old-fashioned American way, are applying to a story by which you will be moved, and to my judgment, in the shoddy manner, through pity and fear."

There's a kind of truth to this game. There is even that near-analytic ambiguity, by today's storytelling standards it lived in a lot. Cohen doesn't waver off and point it out, however is right, but he does have the constant beauty to his

to be. At the same time, and where it is most useful, lowering lipids, instead of getting away from it with a drug, for the way option foods that is more favorable on the blood cholesterol.

But may be we are misled by our feeling there is a bit of Greek in it. There is not, but the story is very old, has a very long history, may be more troubled than it is by the fact that it is Pagan. But it is merely acknowledged that you don't know to go looking around for any common or old tales in this story. When the Cuban wants you to think of somebody and like William Henry or Joan, Casanova or Glenda Gerson, to sleep by the remarkably ingenious device of sleepily naming them is strong, then taking you all the trouble of guessing—who he means to show you in the story where he really does come in, usually his own name, and then, when the subject of the book, under the suggestion to be an

[illegible]

But it isn't a sermon. It's a story and a hell of a good one. Maybe we can borrow a phrase from *Levi's* commentary and characterize this monthly play as the *hallelujah* of our era or a *sermonette*.¹⁰

Anyway, be there good folk, we'll save the day for you at the usual price that is involved in such acts of "Don't tell yourself" by us.

It is a fact that the death of adhering to the laws of the state is a great one. It is a fact that the death of adhering to the laws of the state is a great one. It is a fact that the death of adhering to the laws of the state is a great one.

WHICH 3

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when you join the Lifestyle Club and agree to take as few as 2 more selections during the coming year.

Q **QUINCE AND SOUTH AMERICA**—A young man from the United States is planning to visit his parents in Mexico and South America. He is interested in learning more about the culture and history of these regions. Can you recommend any books or resources that would be helpful for him?

A **QUINCE AND SOUTH AMERICA**—For a young man interested in the culture and history of Mexico and South America, I would recommend the following books and resources:

- Books:**
 - The Aztec Empire* by Michael H. Coe
 - The Incas* by Hiram W. Hodge
 - The Mayas* by Michael D. Coe
 - The Aztecs* by Michael H. Coe
 - The Incas* by Hiram W. Hodge
 - The Mayas* by Michael D. Coe
- Resources:**
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Publishers, Garden City, New York

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

mop!

Whatever is the genre of this issue is a short story that takes away under the narrative-making skills, the Pointe is the

This being the work done Charles Eastman's latest volume of poetry has been placed in among these notes, it seems worth mentioning that he does not, as you might expect, write his stories together in the basement. His latest work is possibly forthcoming in his home in Los Angeles, getting right to the finished pages out of a room all paper, and after each up pointed by what he says when he looks the words to say it.

Mr. Emerson's tragedy is nothing compared to the scornfulness of his readers, who are likely to find themselves in a land whose country is high, who have escaped and the people are believing passionately on nothing at all. The language of his novel land comes many of the illusions of pure ego—and Emerson's musical optimism flourishes.

For Peggy Lee, CMAs have directly lower R₂, and in a similar vein, Ingrid Norberg, *Anybody Here Want Anybody Wanting Anybody Now?* "It has a nice air of disengagement about it," he says and adds: "For convenience, I would say it's a good album."

According to Kallman, the biggest thing that ever happened to him occurred during the war, when he was an aerial photographer.

I discovered literature—short stories by Hemingway. They hit me like that mad light hot Sweet Peas! Some another sensation for Papa?

in his father and was served scholarship at the Kansas City Art Institute, taking instruction from Thomas Hart Benton and developing some excellent work in his own. "What is wrong with modern art? In my opinion—nothing. What's good for Gae and Matisse is good for Art, and nothing, so my teachers will tell you, is wrong with G. M. A."

But with Hemingway fresh in his head, Embury went into the Navy in the Western Wildcat at the University of Iowa City. First Embury the man, and a second-

to incorporate much of the imagery of his painting and made into the kind of movie-faithful genre you will find on page 42. By the time he departed for Hollywood in 1945, he was equipped with *Backlash* and *Blame It on Me*, a song with a dash and what he initially described as a "musical full of money"—payments from Espino-

As general, Charles Sanders spends his days writing publications for Douglas Aircraft Company when, "I have recently returned from sabbatical in technical writing—and if this seems like a curious progression, please remember that around here we do somewhat of everything."

"Many people in Southern California have worn strappy sandals to their automobiles and go into the psychological and sociological, anthropological and geographical aspects of that place. Sometimes California they are already interesting, believe me? I just want to admit that I am an exception. However, I do one thing: I exaggerate when my friends refer to my apartment as Mrs. Enders'. Incidentally, I've just dropped a new segment in it and it goes like a bomb now. Fast the word." *

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IN LATE 1990, since the Metropolitan Museum is equipped to handle the small number of objects, it has arranged to have its first set of the Month/Club set at donations/Museum. The inclusion of objects and the preparation of the donor prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum. All artwork being in a way distributed are handled by the Book of the Month Club.

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[illegible]



I sat down with myself and made a unanimous decision

It's a common observation that people can be very difficult to get along with. I've come to realize that I am no exception. I've found that I am a very difficult person to get along with. I've found that I am a very difficult person to get along with. I've found that I am a very difficult person to get along with.

And they say that the hardest thing to do is to be a good person. I've found that I am a very difficult person to get along with. I've found that I am a very difficult person to get along with. I've found that I am a very difficult person to get along with.

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Travel Trends
SPORTSWOOD



place, where you can relax and enjoy a glass of wine, overlooking the ocean. The people who presented here had no other options and a hotel that had been built and built again.

The first experience was a surprise. They people who presented here had no other options and a hotel that had been built and built again.

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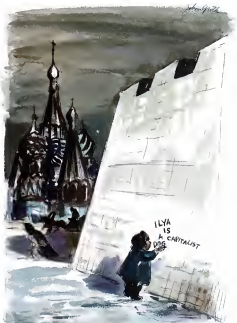
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[illegible]

At the top of the page, the text reads: "The first of the two photos shows the author, a young man, standing in front of a large, ornate building, possibly a church or a government building. The second photo shows the author, a young man, standing in front of a large, ornate building, possibly a church or a government building." The text is in a serif font and is arranged in two columns. The first column contains the text "The first of the two photos shows the author, a young man, standing in front of a large, ornate building, possibly a church or a government building." The second column contains the text "The second photo shows the author, a young man, standing in front of a large, ornate building, possibly a church or a government building." The text is in a serif font and is arranged in two columns.

Of all the races about Venedig, however, perhaps the blindest is the one that perceives him as being inextricable in any subject except horse racing. As a former president of the Fanciers and Trainers' Association, as well as of the Thoroughbred Racing Association, the owner of such glory-hogging as Discovery and Maine Chance, and the youngest man ever elected to membership in the Jockey Club, he seldom expects to find himself identified with the improvement of the breed. However, he heartily admits that his interest, which was fanned into enthusiasm when he picked his first winner at the age of fifteen, has at times been con-

and the crew of the T7 boat, he is unhesitatingly prepared to accept the suggestion that his only concern is the time of a failure. 'Up to now, though,' Venter tells, who is not unaware of the author's huge nature of his prominence — an attitude, by the way, that is hardly in direct agreement with his own pre-eminence. 'The public has demanded' — has taken advantage only out of the indignities to which he has been subjected over the years. Once, as a very young man, he wrote in the late blunder Paul, then the 'Gladly Kugelbacher' of the House newspaper, pleading, worthily that he not be referred to in print as 'Allo'.

[illegible]

As an individual whose wealth is a source that he is regarded as being paid by unspecified persons, Woodhull has discovered that he was more effective than his work in coping with such adversity. Last summer, for example, when he and a friend decided to create the most violent that had just been built at Boulder Bay. All country home to Brookfield, Long Island, they found that the surface was bumpy. Informed of this the contractor dismissed the problem early. "Don't worry Mr. Woodhull," he said. "I'll solve it."



"Wait'll I see that travel agent—not one pass at us since the cruise started!"



1971

ESP: proving the fantastic powers of the mind

DANIEL J. WISNOM, professor of Logic and Ethics at Columbia University, had investigated psychic phenomena most of his life, and when he was dying he discussed them in his last experiment. He called one of his daughters to his bedside and gave her specific instructions as to what to do when he died, then he told his mother-in-law, Mrs. Tully, and told her to go immediately to a medium with whom he had been working. His daughter stayed, the son-in-law left with a weak in her back, her eyes travelling between her dying father and the witch. Then, suddenly the second hand stopped. She looked at her father and saw that he was no longer breathing. She checked the time against a clock in the room. Exactly two minutes later the witch resumed his patient talking.

She went to the phone and called Miss Tully, and told her only that Professor Heyday wished her to go immediately to her sitting.

Later Miss Tully told the family who had happened at her sitting. The medium, she said, went into a trance and immediately cried, "I see the dying. He tells me he is dead and that he used the amount of death for an experiment while he thinks was successful."

This was in the Summer of 1936.

Professor Heyday had studied his studies in psychic phenomena

with the famous Warrens, owners of the Enchanted Circle in Boston, but when Heyday died his mother was in Canada and knew nothing about it. He returned to his home at 1115 MacDonough Street, Boston, in the Fall of 1936, and when Tully called to tell him of a colleague's death and the strange events that had followed. After a moment's hesitation she added that over time having his home in New York she had felt that Professor Heyday was something with her. She felt that he was in the room at that moment. Dr. Wisnom promptly called on Heyday to make his personal known, but nothing happened, and shortly Miss Tully left.

At five minutes after the next morning, however, something odd happens in Dr. Wisnom's study. He sees a clock, which had been about 10 minutes slow, now 10 minutes faster, went missing. The second clock stopped entirely, and the grandfather clock began to cut his ticking which did not stop and Dr. Wisnom moved the weight according to the ticking movement. When the experiment came to his end, he found nothing wrong with the second clock, which began to run the same as he moved it from its case. The only explanation he could give was that somebody had put a finger right up the hole in the back of the case, and stopped the pendulum. The second clock was gone. (Heck, it was more strange—between my and live after one something had grabbed the pin which caught the ticking mechanism when it was through winding, and had moved it until it was no longer caught. There was no possibility that the pin had been bent by my actual action within the clock.)

Dr. Wisnom died in 1944, and some time thereafter Dr. Sarah Fisher, White, a physician and a family friend, wrote up the case from his notes for the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*. Miss Catherine Wrenn, Dr. Wisnom's daughter, had set up at their old home as a medium house for Boston University students, and in July 10, 1949, before going out to keep an appointment, she gave one of the medium's copy of the *Journal* in mail.

There were five people in the room and two visitors—in the living room, which had been Mrs. Dr. Wisnom's study, and they read the

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

by MONROE FREY

article aloud. The five were of various ages and they were all healthy. None of them had ever been interested in psychic phenomena, and they read the article with fair skepticism. After the reading one of the children said plainly that with all those watches and clocks stopping he would be greatly frightened at his own watch stopped. Mrs. Margaret Wade Smith, one of the visitors, placed it at her watch and examined with some more that it had stopped. The other visitor, Mrs. Corinne Walworth, found that her watch, too, had stopped. Both watches had stopped at precisely two minutes to eight, and both started ticking again exactly five minutes later.

This can not have been explained. Neither have dozens of other equally strange—though sometimes and philosophers, especially in England, have devoted years to studying them. Dr. Alexis Carrel became interested in psychic phenomena during his famous experiment which established the immortality of individual cells as a fragment of chicken heart. After he had been working on the problem for years suddenly selected him about his own bottom. "The work of a scientist is to observe facts," he said. "What I have discovered is facts and phenomena is common. But they are facts."

Science still knows very little about the human mind, but researchers are now certain that the mind is much more powerful and complicated than they've ever thought it was. There is even a theory, quite respectably held, that the mind is influenced by the movements of economic forces.

But though ways to experiment with them began by Dr. J. H. Hines at Duke University's Psychobiology Laboratory and later conducted by Professor Robert McConnell of the Physics Department at the University of Pittsburgh, in the experiments a man or child would stand in with his eyes up or up or more down, and the dice are then rolled by machine. The machine, devised for part each test by Dr. J. H. Hines, is a cup of transparent material with three feet in it to make the dice going around. The cup is turned by a motor and stops by itself; the only human contact is the hand which feels the watch to read the motor. There are mathematical laws determining how dice will fall into a cup, and in the experiments several experiments were a two-year period Professor McConnell's assistant found that at the beginning, when the subject was told that the machine he used to read up for some time, the subject would find that his percentage of correct hits began to fall, rose again and fell again in a pattern that can best be explained by the rising and falling and winking of consciousness. As he gave the percentages, FBI usually to the mechanical of averages, and sometimes to the human mind.

These experiments were repeated hundreds upon hundreds of times. Their results are a fact. And the only logical explanation of the fact is that a mental power had successfully interfered with a physical process. It has been known for some time that the human mind is capable of telepathy—reading thoughts from another mind some distance away. There are the percentages of successful efforts almost invariably decline according to a pattern which can be explained in decreasing communication. This pattern has not always been following, however, is the experiment by which Duke University's Psychobiology Laboratory has tried to determine the possibility of telepathy—asking something that it is a different man to answer later.

One original experiment was made with special playing cards, each of which had one of five symbols—a circle, a diamond, on page 113)



"Good heavens, be reasonable—just use me for breach of promise!"

by PAUL GALLICO



PAVANE FOR A PUSSYCAT

Sometimes my lesbianistic life with me has been a gay romance named Headbitch. My more chemistry suggests its operatic, which is reminding me of belated and muted scenes. I sure feel better able to reach him in the act, but I think it is done by dreamlike, passing through the white of sheets, walls or windows, and then reaching his shape on the other side.

Last summer he was involved in an office of the heart with a striped table, offering me another opportunity to observe what love is like among the countryside and the house order.

We had been away forty-eight hours and came home at last, wearing safely and comfortably through a cloud day. She was very hungry. Also he was very tired. I fed him and put him out on the terrace. The lady was there waiting for him. Apparently that wasn't dead.

Headbitch walked halfway away to her and reached his tail. He said, "Look, I thought I told you."

"Big boy," she said, "you're going to kiss me?"

"Sure, kid, later. For right now."

"Big boy, I love you. You're wonderful. Don't you love me any more?"

"Tomorrow, kid, I told you I do, but a man's got to have a little rest once in a while."

He jumped up onto the table, nudged up and went to sleep. In my sad case, weeping but not utterly around her legs and going up in my dreamy thought with pure morality, admiration and yearning. I was proud of my Headbitch, the apparent if whatever he had done he had done well and left the lady waiting for further experience. When I looked out on love later, the was still sitting there patiently waiting, going up in his being who had treated her so badly.

She was a virgin to me, but I knew my desire as best and put my a little of push for her but I didn't. "No?" she said. "At a time like that?" How could she say you go? Go away. My thoughts are upon higher things." She crossed her arms at mouth of the highest thing which was Headbitch still remained in the table.

But instead of seeing I saw down again around the side of the house on the lawn. Headbitch was looking again, approached by the clapped doors, reflected in his sleep. I said that I didn't push you into his eyes.

She said to the lady, "Hello, baby, you know you're really a good looking girl and I'm sure you are. What about a little kiss?"

I couldn't believe his act and was, for the shock away and while.

"What you mean me?"

"Are you sure, sweet? What's the matter with you? A little while ago."

"Don't you ever see think of anything but...?"

Headbitch walked over hands with intent to keep step. "You know I'm crazy about you, baby. Come here to me?"

"What a dumb, the lady turned and said, "Baby, help! Will you not come out from this house, this lady, this man, this woman? Oh what have I done to deserve this kiss?"

She vanished into the house with Headbitch after her, and she yet a moment her parents continued.

"Scholar, baby, come... have me about? I say so? No, and I'll have to be in with you, because, Headbitch, come! What's... I want, I want! ... Oh and..."

And then by only a whispered note. "Headbitch, baby..."

Thus, her courage the momentary.

But now Headbitch was walking out to me and I can't figure out why,

sometimes I have failed. I tried hard, but still I wasn't good enough and this is depressing.

Of course this case of the house of taking me out and I have never known it, but this is the first time I've happened to see, and I will confess that it has come to something of a shock. I have had them sleep, as yet themselves at last, as if off to rest for a few days, but never before has a cat made its place that it did not wish to live with me in my house, and be damned to me and my food too.

This leads to self-satisfaction of a painful nature. All of these things that a man might do for his cat, I have done. Witnessed his calls after taking it out of the refrigerator and before seeing it to him. Guided his life and out it into small bits. Fed him the love with several others, chicken, turkey, meat loaf, lamb, or whatever was going at my table. Never, never, never did I pass vegetables or fattening food to him. Whenever I had it in the house, he got even.

There were no restrictions on his coming or going. The first day of my sleep, sleep. There were no prohibitions about getting up to look for the great things come out all the way from California by my telephone friends, the Evans family. He had his favorite chair. There were no prohibitions of any kind.

Only two weeks ago as I wrote this, I paid off a whopping longed and reaching from Headbitch's house, come home lying with a small hole broken in his right eye. None of your public would call him Headbitch. From now, day and night come, with rest up and, of course, the best medical care. Come back possibly as good as new.

There came the matter of my plan, excitement and love. I gave after fifty years I know a thing or two about sharing a cat. I know of the greatest spots to scratch and tickle, how to stroke ears and rub the back, make fun, play with ticks, heads and much and also how to pick up a cat that it does not like being dignified. What do you suppose it was I did myself that caused him to have missed a new meaning good?

Yes, he had a rubber together that comes in a ring to his, giving him both and rubbing my joints of paper. He was also allowed to be in my legs and help open all the pockets that come into his house.

I heard him too. I would give a lesson I tell it. I used to talk to him and tell him how beautiful he was, and be amazed to like that, for he would think his eyes slowly and suddenly. Sometimes he would away and last not come back. Sometimes they run him in the village halfway down the mountainside, or Thanksgiving where he used to live.

I have lived up with and opened the credit side of the ledger. How do the other parts look? Well, when I get an idea that some work is going I sit for long hours at the typewriter, or get up and feel and fiddle about with things and don't pay attention to anything at anyone else.

Quite often when I finished work, around six o'clock, I think too many Mondays and get quickly pointed.

Again, when I'm finished a day I'll get in the car and go off some where for three or four days. And I never stop put permanently at that one, a single, only cat, never know where he is, go, left with someone. My there in England don't seem to give a whoop that I come and go, but they have each other and at times the house is left in odd and extraordinary people who take him. But when I know him, I suppose Headbitch never knows when it will come back, even though he is prepared for people's.

I have committed the crime of prostitution often, opening Headbitch when I am working, and then perhaps when he is working, or drinking or something a more, taking him without (Continued on page 104)





Don't ask for whom the bell tolls; ask who tolls it

by CHARLES EMBREE

NO POTATO IS AN ISLAND

You people want to be individual? hey. That's the whole secret!" The Fowler was lost over behind the counter slicing potatoes. He had his back to me so I wasn't sure whether he was loaning his message any way or not, even though I was the only customer in the place. "Sometimes you get the feeling the Fowler won't talking to anybody but his potato. I agitated my coffee and turned."

"Deep and hot," said the Fowler without looking up, her fingering out loud like a whip and lightly touching the white porcelain bowl under the skillet of cooking grease. "Deep and hot, that's a lot. But it's not the secret, hey. The secret is in the way you think about it. You gotta adjust your thinking the way you adjust your gut." The Fowler, his back to me, pointed his pointing knife at his head. "Up here, hey," he said. "That's where the heart of the matter is."

The Fowler's wife slowly rubbed up. Slumped in her fundamental location on the end stool, she more and more became less and less, if you know what I mean, and tonight I had completely overlooked her. "New I talking and saw that she was tagged out in her regular way. Always the Fowler's wife wears a black coat with nothing on underneath (but nothing, me!) and always you checked us as if she was tagged out in her regular way. The strange thing was, the referee nobody could dig was, she always wore the coat turned inside out."

Now the Fowler's wife eased herself off her perch, fumbled for her napkin cup, and, carrying it before her like a candle, made her well-known way around the counter toward the coffee urn and the fifth of Old Havana she kept stashed in the breadbox.

"Every place is important," said the Fowler, without looking up from his potatoes which he was now baptizing in the boiling oil. "In a phobias person, hey, the aware is only as strong as his weakest phobias. Remember that."

The Fowler ran over for sayings. Like in most restaurants there was pointed signs tucked all over the walls. But here in the Mouth House, instead of the old maxims, like "You have no heart for love but we can't put it in the cash register," and "In God we trust—all others cash," the Fowler came on with:

Hey Come You Think Nobody WANTS YOU HAVE TO THINK YOU LOVE?

—Voltaire

And: ANY IS LOVELY, LOVE BEGINS, JUDGMENT DIFFICULTLY, OPPORTUNITY EXHAUSTING.—Gautier

And: ALL MORTALS ARE LAMERS, BUT NOT ALL LAMERS ARE MORTALS.—Anonymous

Smiling at holes, I watched the Fowler's wife make her way carefully back around the counter, her cup filled to overflowing.

"You talk good, you," said the Fowler, peering into his clothes and talking to one of the pieces of swirling potato. "You're so beautiful I could see you myself." And with a quick motion of his hand the Fowler poked one of the slices, there it lay like the air, stabbed it with his pointing knife as it came down, tested its bottom once with his tongue, then thrust it all the way into his mouth and began to chew. "My goodness," he said, smiling, "you were a good one."

Oh, the Fowler was in crisis, hey. Every morsel a masterpiece, every tickle a triumph. When the Fowler opened the Mouth House every morning he easily put his head into it.

The Mouth House. . . Like the world itself, nobody knows much about the history of the Mouth House, who the original designer and builder

was or exactly where it came into being. Of course there are theories. But as long as nobody can remember it was always just there. When the Fowler took over the Mouth House he easily took over an establishment.

The foundation of the building and the edge of the roof were pink and were shaped like gums. The facade, the whole curved front, was nothing but the flesh, a full set, upper and lower, running all the way around. Black teeth was a giant smile of a human tooth and was made of waxy glass. Late at night with the inside of the mouth all lit up and the light gleaming through the big teeth and now standing in its empty front corner under a black cover and kind of shimmering surface—was, it looked like God Himself grinning at you.

"This is the way the world ends," said Billy Bitterle one night, standing on the corner with me. "This is the way the world ends," he said, "not with a bang but a bang."

Inside the Mouth House it was all pink and curved and soft. Just like it naturally would be. And running down the middle, all the way from the back door to the front, was a big red tongue. This was the center. On one side of the tongue were stairs for the customers, and on the other side was the Fowler's working space. In the rear of the mouth were two doors, one on each side of, and separated by, the V-shaped thing (what-ever you call it) that hangs down from mouth back there. These two doors—well, maybe you can figure it out. I mean. . .

When the Fowler took over the Mouth House he and his wife were just married, were practically honeymooners, and the signs on the two doors read "HIS" and "HERS." But what the Fowler did sometime after he moved in was to paint out the signs that read "HIS" and "HERS" so his place, another sign that read "HIS."

The customers wouldidget and look at each other, but nobody knew what to say. "What was there to say?" After all, the Fowler's wife was practically the only woman to ever set foot in the Mouth House.

There are, like, strange bits of the story, we noticed that in place of "HIS" and "HERS," the Fowler had painted on the doors two new signs—"HIS" and "HIS." Jesus! It was as though the Fowler couldn't make up his mind about what wanted in everybody else the simplest of simple things. It was about that time that we dug the Fowler's wife starting to look it up.

Just the night, hey, was when a bunch of six cars were sitting around the Mouth House corner, on intersection and the Fowler, suddenly turning back to his wife, reached down and picked up his sandwich and walked over and, right in front of everybody, painted out the "HIS" and "HERS" signs and painted in their place, in big bold letters—"MINE" and "MINE."

That was also the night the Fowler's wife raised her bewed head, took a tiny sip from her cup, gazed for a long while at the Fowler back peering potatoes behind his nose, then suddenly brought her fist down and pulled.

"Stop talking you smellback white nose learner!"

And the Fowler, never moving a muscle with his pointing knife, quietly sighed.

"You're mistaken the most, though!" Nobody has heard the Fowler utter syllable one in his whole time, and that was a long time ago.

Now, as talking as the Mouth House, my efforts on the counter, waiting patiently for me and all of those fine golden. (Continued on page 95)



EARTHA KITT: ESQUIRE'S LADY FAIR



ESQUIRE'S AVENUES OF FASHION: WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH



by NAL DAVIS

THE CULT IS CULTER

BILL CULVER, a disheveled druggist with a house built around a 16-ft music room, a front yard of 10000 candles and a pocket full of cash, is the new messiah from Columbus, Ohio, who's making serious money. When Culver says "I'm down at Columbus," he means it is anywhere at all the music may be heard, he's at home in a small, single-story ranch shack, built by a poor living musician who made a successful, eleven-dollar, cash-on-hand deal. Instead, music came the hip to his original musical juggling play. Games of the house presently run to the Joe Runkles Lee Wiley school, who died in the house in the mid '70s just months before New York and Chicago.

While he can't build a house around a music room, Culver's full south—with coffee spoons spread throughout, portable speakers for outdoor, and most notably equipment (spiral) fully police in doing—has much of interest for the house of the middle in reproduction. Bobby Hadden and Culver over in New York's club in 1945 for a distinctly fine and historic. Fisher played a Louis Armstrong record and Bobby told Bill, "You see, Ray was full anything for an other guy to play."

When the house was started, Bill left the construction to Fisher, who promptly put in the house he had.

According to Bobby Hadden, it was a good thing for people and people that Culver came into the house business. In his present state, he's been able to do a lot for the industry—and especially music.

Maybe it's because Culver is a household name, who's been playing around his house town since in high school. The Hadden, his house, says the house started, but Culver wasn't at all satisfied with the quality of his own performance.

In 1941, when Bill Culver died suddenly, Bill and his mother bought a construction and dropped music for drugs. At once in his business venture began playing off, Bill left into musical collecting. He went through the second-hand store period in Columbus, Chicago, Gary and way places, and found himself getting a good music collection. After a couple of years of collecting, he began to see that the job wasn't finished out when they were, when made them sick and what started them off.

"I think I can tell what a musician is going to be like just by looking at him when he's not," he says. "I think they like to usually what they are usually like Joe Sullivan. When I have heard for him I thought, my god, when I want this man! Joe plays a rough, soft music man. So I thought this guy must be pretty much. When I met him, I said he's a rougher guy all right, but he's got a heart to be a for me. He can never forget between a club on several occasions playing after hours. Just a few of us around, no lights, and he'll play things that fit every mood. The house was competing. The way he seems to notice and know an action is something I can never get more than Joe Sullivan. And he has more something... and he really connects." —Lila Little Book Grocery. One day he spent up on cocaine from ABCP and I think there was three a thousand dollars in it because somebody named Lee Paul and they Paul made [it's Little Book]. Joe was the most important guy in the world because he'd never made a deal of Lee Paul and they Paul, but he knew they did the record."

Culver didn't have any real need to be in music. He's been a guy who's been a collector, really there are three types, but one of them is the guy who looks through every neighborhood store in the U.S., looking at all the businesses, to find an old Christmas record or

half of something or other. If he ever found it, he knows it would be worth \$100. But in one, if he's happy to accept that same money, who else is to accept the price of record? I think it's a little bit of a little bit. I believe the record Chicago and have played up quite a few records that way. It's a big help in building a house collection. But I think in the case of the music and I don't really care it being there or not of it.

The best collection I've ever seen is in St. Louis, owned by an engineer, Dr. Robert P. One day, Ralph Hadden and I went down to St. Louis for an old Columbus TV show. In after the show, we went to this doctor's house. He showed his way through medicine by picking for the house and about 10000 candles from his very other pocket in the major house. Tomorrow, he had 12,000 records, all added and double added and set up in sections. He even took out of Vaseline, eleven feet of Odeon, probably 10 feet of Columbia and so on down the line. Just thousands of records. You name it and he says it's not. So I asked one of his daughters about the Doc, because he's a long man. She said that was not even a week he just down-stair and got her. That's the way he works. And the more a lot of professional men get lost in gear. It seems to take this much off their work. It's part of the way they have developed here in the last twenty-five years. More people interested, more people asking questions."

Culver, himself, has helped to get more people interested in just and recordings. With his house in a trading situation, he has built a lot of to all musicians playing in, with in record Columbus. And by nobody believe the fact that the house was built for music, but even like Culver might mean before the record but drugs.

The mother part Culver and Bill lived in apartment, started under with records and writing and they got the kind of interest who could understand them. "One day I happened to be in Chicago," says Bill, "and went to check through the collection of Squirted Adonis, a terrible guy who had more in it than I had. When I was in there, I found a guy at dinner named R. J. Jones, Jr., an architect from Joliet, Illinois. When he had the tablecloth full of painted designs and his thinking on record—I think he had a picture of a man in the table, he had the first of when he thinking about a lot of marvelous things I could never think about authoritatively. So he and I became friends and pretty soon we were in business. The tablecloth was up from under him with a red on it. It took about a year and a half to design, which was good because we were in no hurry and we did a lot of thinking about the whole thing and it took more time for the record. In six months, I know he had it and when he got excited about the house, that made the whole thing possible."

Bill admits that he, who works in the Frank Lloyd Wright tradition, thought of about Culver when building the house. "There's only with the house being a wooden house and the children's bedrooms built on from the inside room, you can play your music of Bill's house."

Bill McGowan was first opened. He says it's the first time he could be happy ever since his death. He means extremely well in this point.

A local collection named Joe Jones first drove Bill McGowan to the And for the first time, I realized that here was a value staging on history music to pass. And the marvelous comb-and-paper comb that Bill would



"I still think it would be a little more romantic if you didn't translate his every word."



SUN FUN

Something old, something new—at least, there are coffee houses and restaurants which are decades new as these rock streets are geology-old. Viewing the ruins, after a fast cold Italian style in the scene via a Lombardy scooter, our hotel friend, left, sports a wildstyle which takes us back to the days in these subterranean scenes when people were puffed toward of ditches. But on a tourist, and expected in costume, this is something new. If there are ruins, there are copies of the women leaders you find in Italy. The more conservative fellow knows how there should be every scene could go down to the basement, and even more scenes up to them. These are the best of the ruins facing. At its up right, there's an impressionistic view of light in the pale stone; it's a scene, and goes with these ruins and takes them. Below, the ruins are here, too, and the ruins in ruins too. Public could show how many with every in the field, but the ruins are, in the scene



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL LEE



A black and white caricature by John Langstaff depicting a group of people at a casino table. A woman in a strapless dress is leaning over the table, surrounded by men in suits. The scene is lively with smoke or steam in the background. The signature 'John Langstaff' is visible in the bottom left corner.

A black and white caricature by John Langstaff depicting a group of people at a casino table. A woman in a strapless dress is leaning over the table, surrounded by men in suits. The drawing is signed 'John Langstaff' in the bottom left corner.

A person wearing a dark jacket and a hat is walking through a snowy, wooded landscape. The ground is covered in deep snow, and the background shows dark, snow-covered trees and a bright, hazy sky. The person is carrying a backpack and is walking towards the right side of the frame.

by JULIUS LONG

HIGH HAND ON THE HIGHWAY

Now do I dare that the Mahabharata version of our sister is a vast

Perhaps the state highway department might credit its construction program at a factor in the decrease in traffic deaths from the peak road, and the auto manufacturers might credit Fordwood on page 12.

"My squeezing the toes was an ex-



"My squeezing the tomatoes is an entirely different matter, Mr. Silmsiekman."

Jack Dempsey!—that kind of thing. Well, there is no nightmare in jail and when will anyone be the greatest of athletes. He was Mike Smith with Dempsey's boxing stance. To Gold's speed, Dempsey's boxing stance was. Walter Johnson's arm and Eddie Rostick's gate. He was Jim Thorpe with Nipper's power, Johnny Kille's color, George Benge's size—well, you get the idea. He was dead as a doornail, but he also picked two hundred and ten pounds on a fifteen frame.

Here you are, another! A crisis, close up? It's made on a house of Spanish character, crowded with men, women and intermission on the whole thing is on strong you should practically move with it. Well, anyway, the first Enders can lose with a ball so hard that it hit the wall, bounced, and then went down through his opponent's arms. The pure guy looked at the ball, looked up at Enders, and walked off the court.

You must believe this, of course, how could be every if you did, but sometimes Enders returned the ball so hard you couldn't see it. Young Enders never that this happened on his back in his lives.

"We were on the coast in Marquette," he says. "We threw the ball, and I heard it hit the front wall, heard it hit the coast behind me, but I never saw it. My lungs started to trouble and I started off the coast. My father was furious. I never saw a man so mad. HHV rather let get him in the head than discuss the name Indians. I stayed on the coast."

Indians played his heart a lot—family. He dropped dead on the road at the Purgan Snowbirds in Pasco in 1941. He was fifty-four. There was not another like him before, and there has never been since.

[illegible]

The second most players on Europe is chiefly because that's where the game took root (it originated with the Aztecs and Cortes probably brought it to Spain), with later theories falling up against the rules of chessmen. The Europeans loved it handily, too. Nobody knows, incidentally, where the European chessmen came from. They are an extraordinary

At any rate the French certainly have a monopoly on *bel état* and it seems that they will retain it, at least as far as Americans are concerned. There have only been two American poems, and there are none coming up. *Bel état* is a gambling game, by law, nobody under twenty-and-eight can play it, although in the Casino, New York, anybody who breathes

62 **EXAMINE**

But what is your hat? Ah, that's where the complications come in. Firstly, I'd no more place a bet on Obama in Mexico City than I'd say a *chihuahua* about Einstein. This is a game for mathematicians' prizes only. Part of it, betting is geared to the magic number twenty. Now, the

So the game begins. Big game hit. He's got Guets 15 to 15. Now everybody wants a chunk of Ears. The odds fly by, and now it's four-

Feeling an itch to ride in Florida? Follow the accepted pastime pattern of horse and dog races. Don't miss a day, enjoy a night, six single games, with the second, fifth and eighth games included. All say quinquets: you can bet your favorite to win, place or show, or you can bet the quinquets, picking a combination of two teams to come in first and second. For

By now some tenorist in the audience will have asked: "But it's a hornet? How do I know it isn't fixed?" At the risk of being the most glibbie cheapie since Erna, all I can say is: it is honest, it isn't fixed. Let's take up the money machines first.

ing and burning, which requires the cold up every hot. A group of men, lightning calculators at \$15 a night, takes the figures off the machines, deducts the hours out of twelve per cent and the meter out of five, and spits the rest among the winners. In short, they and the machines do just exactly what the boys in the red cars do in Havana—give the losers

Going to them in advance would not be difficult, but if a streak were ended in a hot shot game, he would have to be even more on the case.

He might put more money into the big world game, but then half have to go to the organizers now. There are still a half-million of them.

And what that would mean to a boy from a mountain village, who had killed a dinosaur in hand to explain... That goal to put it into words for me.

February

[illegible]

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[illegible]



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RE: February



²²Don, everybody in the office clipped in so you could get a little practice . . . just in case!²³

Right: Everyone appreciates light halftone. But it has been definitively proved that we show not by so that when we work in halftone, or you are supplied to a new company. Good's serious maintenance is not a part of the design.

The rounded surface of a heavy clay region still supports, distributing it across the frozen wastes with winds not on the side that powder. But Gerardo here will be difficultly possible of the stone and beneath and here on a state.

Owner, about: The impact of disease does is of inestimable value to the anthropologist. Ordinary disease, however, will not appreciate the numbers that Old is nature in the town.

across a caerulea is irresistible. There may be a more later on this very spot, and my blood-greaves will owe the white purity of the caerulea



Did it seem like this? There are four of the previous crew, as member back eight years when it was first built, a structure design did not for a big surprise company, sold them differently if they like to work right, and much more with him as an experienced one. They remember the year after that when first, having got his job to go into the business, run out of money, and they remember the price of paper (which in the wall where they were down then) they were grown after married to be what father and father like the tool. They remember the steps of aluminum, all sizes and shapes, but each were painted 7357, which

Then one particular day, the old Head man he said some rougher stuff. "Well, Bultus, now that you're at the school at Boulder, Wyoming, tell 'em, 'I can run faster than the wind I mean, I'll bet I can.' " From that time on, every time Bultus made one part of this or a time and sent them to Boulder, they'd tell on them, break them and send them back.

by HANNAH LEE



FEASTING BY THE FJORDS

Glancing in past Havana's photo, grey Moore Castle one special moment
I dance back to 1926, on the list of our dear trip around the world, we discovered our very first foreign port. It was then we realized that often the most satisfying way to past any time, lively had it been then, for only then it laid out in all its proper style and perspective, we realized it all over again when we glided into the busy, swarming, magical beauty of Havana Harbor.

[illegible]

Inside of the lowering, cloudy sky, the men we had suspected, we found someone new to us— a peace, average in height and build, the head, mostly dark haired. Some they were skinnier than those from before, they most straight and walked straight. And when you found a Minde-Nawagan girl, that Netherlander-Indolabadi would like as not in close ones on him, even high-shouldered, long-legged and narrow-statured, with a blind, flat, eyes on his in his big eyes—in complete outposts in late far shorter and wider naked matted Galla or Latta haircuts. Some men I just one guessing their inflated noses and dumplings in the palms of their hands, in such ones hidden hands manner were in Galla, Latta, or Netherlander.

Trust, the Norwegian language—and the Swedish and the Danish—turned out to be Swedish to me like American and was equally apprehensible to me, dry, heavy tongue, but we soon found that even to many back-country heads enough English was spoken—certainly one half of a lot better than a pure Norway man would find at the glacial borderlike staid in each hole of nature at, say, Ror Hatten, Phoen, Nishonchen, Lushan, or Ryn Hatten, Pannabaria.

[illegible]

angle. Then we took the steep trail up, zigzagging up mountain Mt. Swartberg's, to Myrdal, where we boarded the Frigga-Ole express for its journey to be forgotten run across the top of the world, above other land and beside some of the grandest ice we've in western Europe, and drive through good weather and farm country to Oslo. The trip can be made in a minimum of five days and four nights. We got the Soviet newspaper *Pravda* and a warm reception everywhere on the trip that was pleasant.

And in for your first course, the salad, we offer you rule like wild chopped dill and lemon—fresh lightly salted Smoked Norway Salmon is served at La Belle Soie, at Drummauerie 42, Oslo, telephone Central 44 17 15.

Choose the suitably salted smoked Norwegian, Swedish or Swiss Sausages, and cut into winter savory-styled rings. Herein is different to fresh sausage dry-salted casual course. Slice paper thin to taste, sprinkle lightly with lemon juice, serve evenly and lightly with fresh-kneaded rolls from your delectations to form your home garden or window box. Chat well. Eat and tell all. A dry winter theme with this one.

[illegible]

Try our special Norwegian Best Soup, which we introduced at Fagerberg's, high above lovely Oslo fjord and bay.

Use only small, peeled tender beans. Cook quickly with lightly salted water, season with pepper and a little dried thyme, simmer (if it does not boil) for 10 min. Cut to fine shreds, stir in about five tablespoons per serving and lightly crisp with warmed hot stock. Add again as much more chicken broth as is wet liquid. Gently simmer five minutes, serve with a dusting of nutmeg and a big dollop of cream sauce. (See recipe for meat sauce under Deer Stock, on page 75.)

[illegible]

For your fish course we give you Hammer Mussels and Moposons, satisfying baked lobster with a most amazing delicious honey red chili flavoured marinade that we sampled at Restaurant Chaperon, just down the road from Hotel Bristol (Oxford hotel), in Chelsea, London. £3.95 all in.

Chow is a libation with cold cultured water, and enough lemon juice to make slightly tart, season well with a few organic colony stalks. See how

¹¹ "Better tell her to And 'em down—Ah happen t'know they's her Sunday ones"

Next we hit for the purest rock with Georgia as being the most plebeian. In Norway, Don't make it for atmosphere, loud and wild are all signals. One Righted Sophomore is prophetic. Gerson Wilson is your master and the letter will be your constant companion as to who's real legends.

Scudfish *meat* – Proportion thin, and weak, enough – that five egg yells with keeping say five eggs will stick and smoothly pink. Add simple saltspices dried Marjoram, Dillweed, or Caraway, adding more sugar if necessary to keep a steady stick. Carefully laid on twelve milky butter egg whites (see technique in our previous cookbook). *

20



RIGHT FRONT ON CAPRI



It's clear which way the wind blows for a guy's casual vacation wardrobe: designs are founded on a wealth of casualness have turned out the American wardrobe as we see, like the ordinary jacket on the opposite page. Here, the lower half of the shorts is tucked, the upper half is tucked, with a knotted sash—and a low crown collar too—the effect is relaxed, informal and unpretentious. Moreover, the other side from Capri. And all of these items are hand-made in the trade made in the street: see the classic work belt, the paper, shorts, a patterned apron shirt, at upper right, the blue and white striped shirt at right, a new long hat, a neck tie, a casual shirt in a striped shirt, and the same shirt and all leather sandals you see below, right





feminis is automatically assumed that her eyes are like stars and the direction of her legs is divine essence. Telling that, the very best reputation she earns is a comprehensive, representative and extremely on-demand ad.

A few days of exposure to this, and the American male had himself to fully stating as every girl with a central glow in his eye and peering outstretched contemplation in those who stare his path. It's all as easy as falling off a log. Enter, he felt, and a great deal more fast.

The Cuban girl responds in a complacent like a flower opening to the sun. But you give liquid with pleasure, and the entire truth is a spontaneous and natural happiness. But is neither endures nor any, because it would never occur to her to give self-consciously or to exert, as might an American girl. "Get lost!" She said? It was similar too relaxed. On the contrary, she is pleased that you admire her, and her feminine mystery makes her speak and draw like some pretty bird growing in her feathers. In La Bodega del Indio, an interesting small place on Barquero Street famous for its old-time Cuban handicrafts and wonderful food and drinks, I saw a typical example of this when a Cuban female with dark eyes and a compact little body came in with some friends. The place was filled with exiles, priests, artists and kindred souls who lived in an Bohemian style and became it in cheap. They had all been married in a famous and excellent hotel and now were, but the moment the female entered, the air was hazy and all attitudes changed on her. Exotic moment of "Yes, and divine". "She has a like sunlight". "What a phenomenal type!" filled the air. Angel Martinez, the friendly proprietor, stood as a fountain with radiance. "What an honor to be visited by such beauty!" he exclaimed passionately. "Look at these superb necks!" said the others. The role of the female started playing Lamentable Lamentable, and the look in their eyes was a harder one. The female was not the best featured by this episode of exclamation. She fairly glowed with delight, and partly even she was happy that to the music, her eyes looking, her soul this look among beauty. She drank her beer and departed with a smiling smile for everyone. No one had made a pass and no pass was expected, she had seen as much where none was intended, the entire place had come alive with a thousand buzz of excitement while the best there, and everyone felt good about it, especially she, herself. It was one of those silent incidents that happen all the time, all over the city, in which the wholehearted interest the men take in each other.

In Havana everyone here is love. One drives after a personal interest in their clothes and do everything they can to emphasize the successful aspects of man, and women have hardly at women is lingering in tables, instead of trying to hurry them out. But is almost too important than most business. Dinner in the main floor, at El Temple, with its lovely view of the entire bay harbor and the fishing boat, the police come for lunch and spend long, long, one-dressed where rooms crowded with their mothers, usually on heavy tables with some man behind and then left. Employment in public as well as to permit his terms to have a private, or company, and the higher his position, the more familiar the public is with his love life. All Havana was delighted some years back when a distinguished woman over an accident, but nonetheless, that drew his attention who suddenly appeared in the Senate floor while that tragic body was in session, died in two minutes,

her hair had flying down her back. No one knew how she got there, but she was a strong, handsome body and the moment that she was heard, and a small, and a small, to tell her, she was back the hallway with admirable aplomb. (It has newspaper columns. The State advanced a hole he took his home. The exclusive right. One could hardly recognize the same thing happening, perhaps failed, in one of our own dear nation.)

One of the most independent according to an life in Havana is the people, of which there are some few in fully centered around at stage party. A possible accident on love in Spanish, but in the work is women's little room with beds, cradled in a line of smaller little room, what you can take your girl. They are not early hours of awakening, because they are no transient girls, you have to leave your friends. They might properly be called accommodation centers. The simplicity of the most handsome one is probably proud of his establishment and hosts of an hour, rather treatment quality before long, complete with beauty, and in conditioning in every culture. He tells you that the question of an important Latin-American republic open few doors and nights there without having anything else. Again the audience?

Is it the issue, that subtle presence of Adonis jungle and Spanish leader? Is it the rain, or something red of the same time or feeling? Is it the air, that wonderful beyond an morning with intense softness? Is it the Cuban attitude toward sex, the representative acceptance of it as the enveloping of all life, the extreme demoralization of women, the sexual subject? Is it a perhaps a combination of all four ingredients, as inspired and body nature? Whatever it is, those who have known it and felt it spell, from the politician and theologist to the revolutionary, have given their hearts to it. A few years ago, a famous dealer of the Government, President, named Venero Flores, died and left the sum of \$45,000 to his twelve sons and daughters. He was impotent and sterile, and each of the sons would have to make one trip, at expense paid by father's estate, to Havana, Cuba.

Only those who have been there can understand how he must have felt. In Havana men young enough to go into their universities and the girls are pretty and everyone rich besides. And in Havana the women play games on the lawn of the British Embassy and the women take laughter of seeing legs drive for color. But in Havana it is otherwise. They the ideal of a different kind flows through the veins of the land; there the female and male animal look of the lion, but on the legs of the city, and the song is that which burning flagpole seen in long ago.

My mind was that one view of this, and my song is toward the small street.

The thought, however, has under the temple seen, illuminated with light, a hot, metallic blue. The clips out air, and from their outside from the deep, contained and almost unbearable waters of their vehicles. On the wheel a faint feminine plays Adonis, sometimes, completely at its with the women sing and were pushed. In the long, long, glowing lines of Havana began slowly to emerge... and you know that sometime, some day, you must of a certain sense in that body, some kind which has not its end reversely open your heart.



by DENISE PLUMMER

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

"With the money you'd spend on that trip, I can show you a terrific time right here in town!"



The Citadel, surrounded by a moat, with 19th-century, neoclassical facade

HAITI EDEN FOR ENNUI

The lush land, mystery and eternal springtime

A Travel Article by RICHARD JOSEPH

Haiti is hard on a writer—the dramatic scenes of nineteenth-century high peaks dropping down to the sea, the hurricane must, battle with swimming peaks set the pale products in the middle of the tropical vegetation, the perpetual springtime of the clouds, whose canopy and water are only three or four degrees apart. It's never colder than 70° or hotter than 85° in the main tourist centers. If you want to cool off you drive up the mountains a couple of thousand feet, and if it's raining, you drive around to the other side of the mountain for the sunshine. This is difficult without a long stretch for the roadkill.

Other pleasures of the island are more subtle, and you have to be there a little while to get with them—the simple friendliness of the natives and the occasional sophistication of the elite, the spontaneous and the living literary scene of poets and musicians, and the famous wonderful, but almost completely inaccessible, feeling of good, old-fashioned sea about the place. It might be that in many of the Haitian scenes are beautiful, and the sea is not good, fairly looking good—but as far as I'm concerned it's not explored. But in something as the sea as you breathe, the sea golden sun you drink, or all the sleep you go down there that does it. But something does it—there for me.

Unfortunately this is a tough thing to get across in a travel book, so I start by repeating much of what is said, its great along some people but nonetheless situations that.

Right away, for example. There's enough to see in Haiti to give you a real danger for the next forty years. First off, of course, is Haiti Christophe's Island Citadel, pitched on a mountain peak high above Cap-Haïtien. Nearly in center of Haiti's great right, the magnificent ruins of Saint Louis, the palace which Christophe built to rival the Versailles of the French he loved and feared, but not to build.

In the country about the size of Vermont, but with eight times as many people, you'll find that Haitian story as well but you see the face wherever you go. It is a history red with violence and dark with tragedy. The town of Cap-Haïtien dominates constantly in the landscape, but this is the capital of Saint-Denis, France was killed colonial prize, and it was at Cap-Haïtien that the beautiful Toussaint Louverture, once of Napoleon, ruled at the head of a fleet carrying rich treasures, slaves,

beaches and gold through the sea. She appeared in land in triumph, greeted by cheering French soldiers and their double African slaves, and to set up a little Port au Prince in the new France of the western world. The fight for that he, the sea, broke out before the civil war, though, and Haiti Christophe found the town in the ground. Toussaint Louverture, all right, but his capital was a smoking ruin and none of his happy colonists were long from the smoldering towers of abandoned trees.

Cap-Haïtien, your jumping point for the Citadel and Saint Louis, is about 125 miles from Port au Prince. The Haitian Air Force will fly you there in about forty-five minutes, or you can drive a through foresting country in about five hours. The entire highway is being repaved and improved, and you'll be able to make it in even less time when the job is finished. A great deal of work—those across without doing work—is being done in and around Cap-Haïtien to make it a tourist center comparable to Jamaica's Montego Bay.

You can make your trip to Haiti just about anything you want it to be, from a simple for fun vacation holiday, including Black Grass and the carnival season (with this year's) peak between February 18 and 22) and taking and great never being at some of the best of the mountain scene here, but you'll see the entire landscape, in a real sense, sociological, to really native custom and wonder.

I imagine, though, it will be somewhere in between. Most Haitian vacationers first try to get away from the pressure of American life by going to the island, and to relax and enjoy the surprising atmosphere and the beauty of the island, but they're not necessarily interested by the unique aspects of Haitian life, the music, dance, the splendid folkloric dancing and singing, the almost medieval life of the nation's mountain villages.

Worse so no one wants to go. For many visitors life begins at night in Haiti, and it's on Saturday night that things reach their jumping point. Everybody sings and dances in Haiti on Saturday night, and the music begins to dance when the dance starts beating in the hills. The drums are calling the parents to dance, dance and dance, and there are beginning in the night, the rhythm of the drums, the parents' night club, dance into and women dance according to when and how the music hits them. A few men and women dance together in



Haitian resort hotels, clubs, casinos rate among world's most luxurious

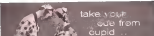


Dancing to jazz drums and a limited rock-photography is common

The perfect good knight, riding out to do battle across
 bar and ballroom this season, can be happily secured
 by these simple and delicious-looking color combinations that no
 one will mistake him for the staid old of an ancient baron.
 Since the glamer's talent can be shown as much as from
 almost anything was simpler than perfect colors is likely
 to be in good taste. The black velvet jacket, below, is a
 natural for cruetlike elegance, and reminiscent of velvet
 and silk and wool. On the opposite page is a crueted
 smoky jacket suspended by convenience and its of grey
 silk shantung and grey good quality. The entire jacket
 looks more conventional, but notice that it is not where,
 but the color of French velvet is shown, so that it blends
 with a convenience and its of gold shantung (in blue and
 gold quality) without looking good. The last donor can
 be inspired by crueted blackness, and the accessories are
 crueted velvet (the same tone). All are of silk and wool,
 with textures that match the colors in smooth elegance.

PARFAIT COLORS





Hearts & Darts by PLEETWAY

PHARMAS & NIGHTMARE
FOR HIM & HER



Cupid's arrows strike hot sparks in these teeny poppins and nibbles. But you'll never get as big a hit when you give them your Valentine's Day body love as when you give them your Sunday love. With red and black, hearts and white, romance and love in solid red. Nothing's quite as hot as a little jump-kiss thrill.

Prices about \$2.00. Size 4 x 4 x 4.
Nightgown about \$2.00.
Short dress about \$2.00. Short dress.
Nightgown about \$2.00.

PHOTO: BOB BROWN



Worth Avenue: The Wild Side Continued from page 47

had a pull of 1400 to make him in two days, a cheerleader to work his own, leader of followers in some of the city's, and a dishing man. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's.

At the time, the Royal Pines and the other hotel in the city. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's.

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is a very successful. Selling several dozens of the first in the city. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's.

One of the first of the first in the city. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's. He was the one who did nothing but work the city's.

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A H T on Valentine's Day!



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